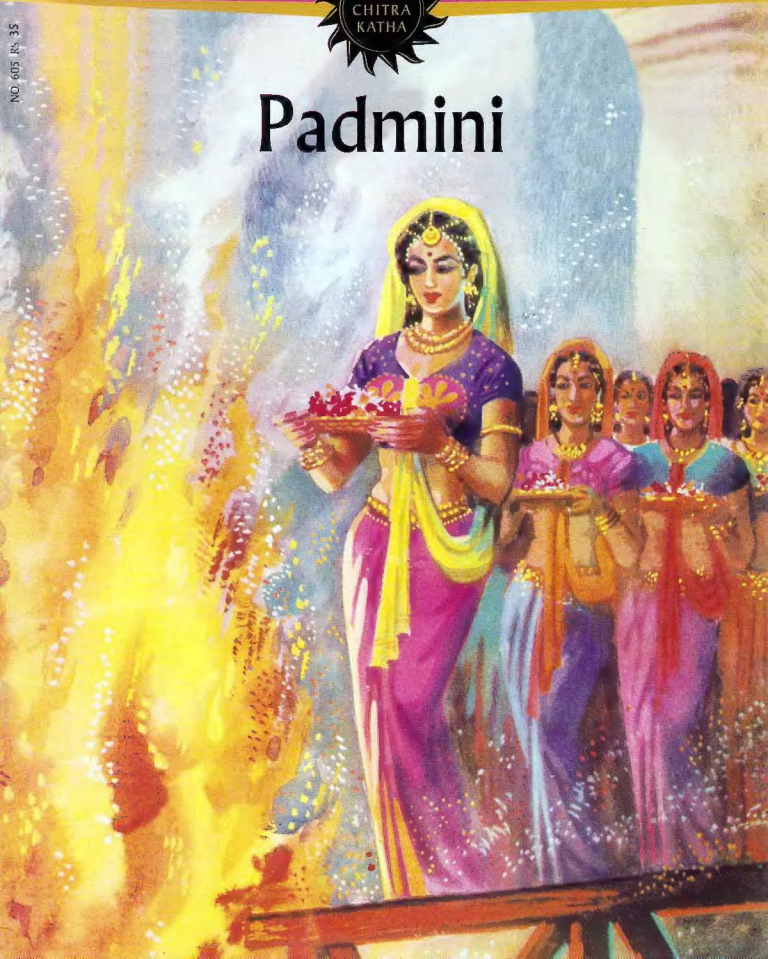


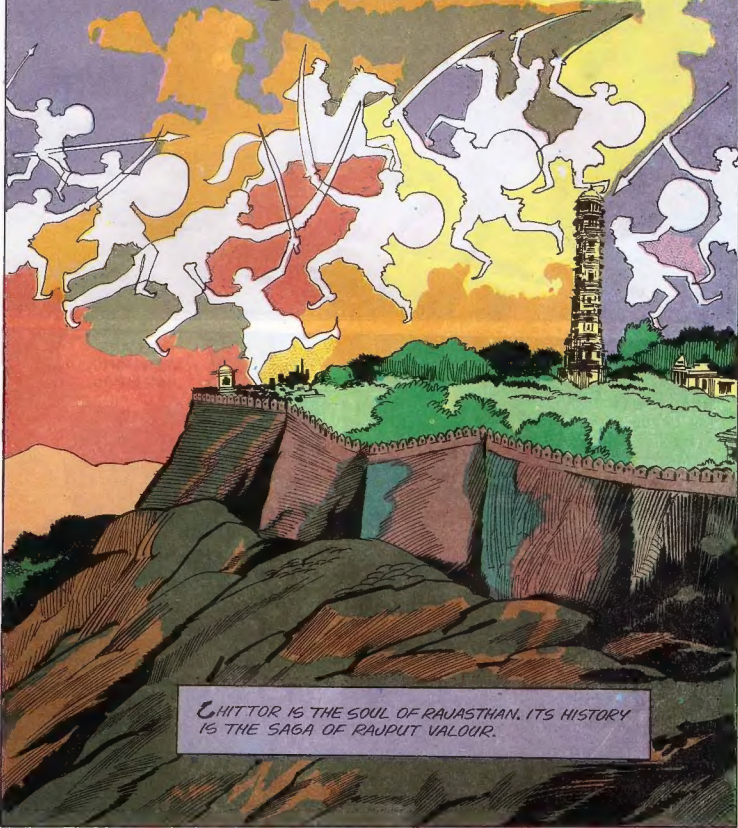


Padmini

NO. 605 RS. 35



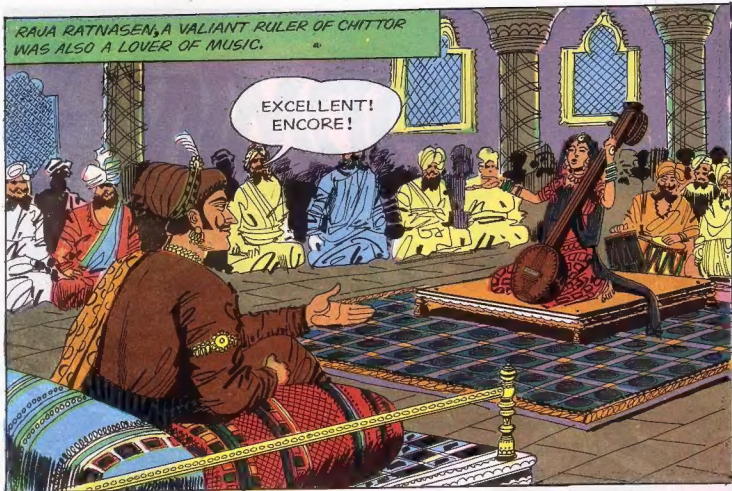
PADMINI



CHITTOR IS THE SOUL OF RAJASTHAN. ITS HISTORY
IS THE SAGA OF RAUPUT VALOUR.

RAJA RATNASEN, A VALIANT RULER OF CHITTOR
WAS ALSO A LOVER OF MUSIC.

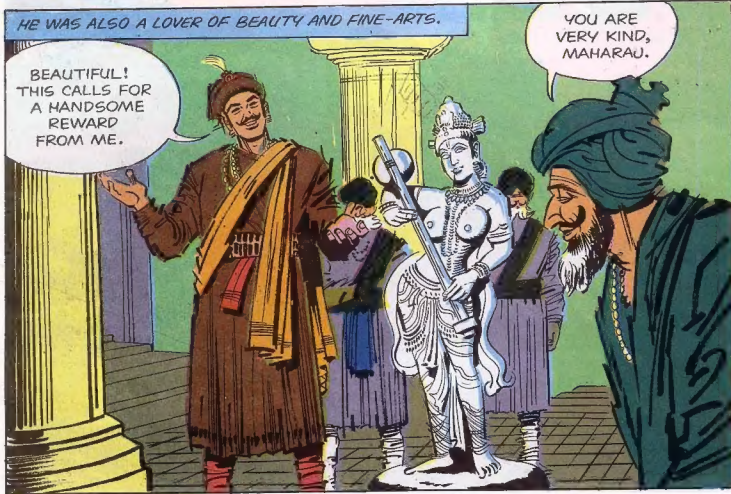
EXCELLENT!
ENCORE!



HE WAS ALSO A LOVER OF BEAUTY AND FINE-ARTS.

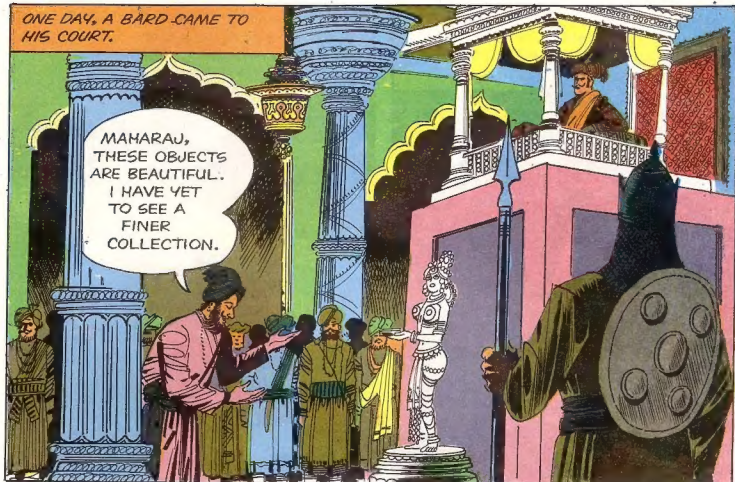
BEAUTIFUL!
THIS CALLS FOR
A HANDSOME
REWARD
FROM ME.

YOU ARE
VERY KIND,
MAHARAJ.



ONE DAY, A BARD CAME TO
HIS COURT.

MAHARAJ,
THESE OBJECTS
ARE BEAUTIFUL.
I HAVE YET
TO SEE A
FINER
COLLECTION.



...BUT, PARDON
ME, MAHARAJ,
NOTHING HERE
EQUALS THE
BEAUTY OF
PADMINI.

PADMINI?



YES,
MAHARAJ, PADMINI
THE PRINCESS
OF SINHALA
ISLAND.



DEEPLY IMPRESSED BY THE BARD'S
ACCOUNT OF PADMINI, RATNASEN
WENT TO SINHALA AND
MARRIED HER.



ON THEIR JOURNEY BACK TO CHITTOR,
PADMINI'S RELATIVES, GORA AND
BADAL, ACCOMPANIED THE BRIDE.



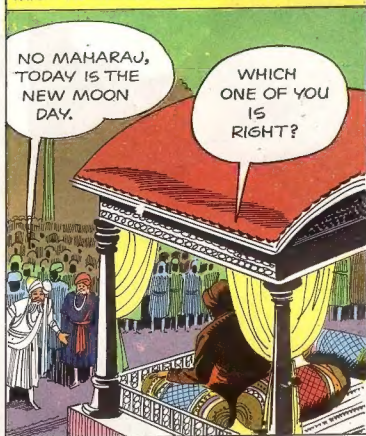
SOON KING RATNASEN WAS BACK IN THE COURT
OF CHITTOR.



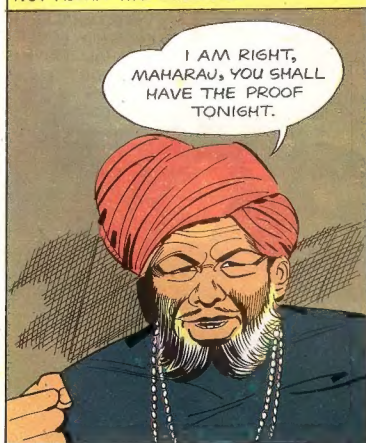
AMONG RATNASSEN'S COURTIER'S WAS A SCHOLAR NAMED RAGHAV CHETAN. ONE DAY -



BUT RAGHAV CHETAN HAD MADE A MISTAKE IN HIS CALCULATIONS.



BEING A STUBBORN MAN RAGHAV DID NOT ADMIT HIS MISTAKE.



THAT NIGHT RAGHAV USED HIS SORCERY AND -





IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.
STILL THE
MOON UP
THERE...



BUT RAGHAV HAD LIED AGAINST THE ETER-
NAL TRUTH OF NATURE. ON THE ACTUAL
SECOND DAY OF THE MOON-

LOOK AT THE MOON,
MAHARAJ! TODAY IS THE
ACTUAL SECOND DAY
OF THE MOON.

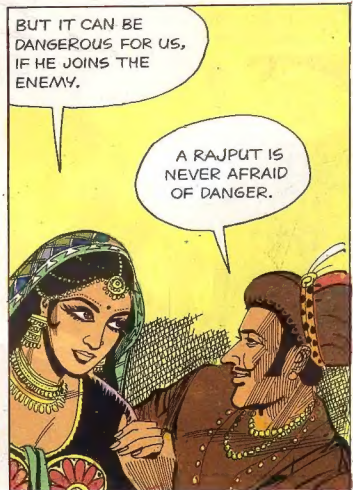
INDEED
IT IS!

LATER IN THE PALACE, KING RATNASEN DISCUSSED
THIS MATTER WITH QUEEN PADMINI.



PANDIT
RAGHAV CHETAN
HAD DECEIVED
YOU.

YES. I SHALL
PUNISH HIM FOR
IT. I SHALL DRIVE
HIM OUT
OF MY
KINGDOM.



NEXT DAY IN THE COURT.

PANDIT RAGHAV CHETAN, SINCE YOU ARE A BRAHMAN, I SHALL NOT HAVE YOU KILLED.

BUT YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE PUNISHMENT.

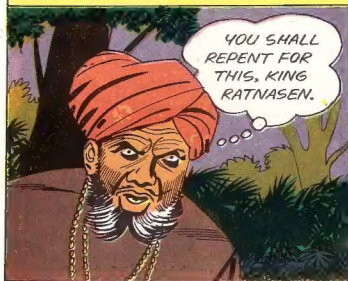
RAGHAV CHETAN'S FACE WAS PAINTED BLACK AND HE WAS CARRIED THROUGH THE STREETS ON A DONKEY. PADMINI WAS WORRIED.

LOOK AT THE LEARNED PANDIT!

WHERE? I ONLY SEE AN ASS RIDING A DONKEY.

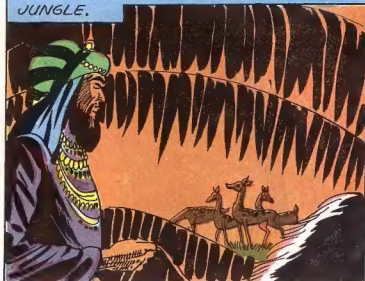
I WISH TO GOD THAT HE DOES NOT JOIN SOME POWERFUL ENEMY.

RAGHAV CHETAN, THEN PROCEEDED TOWARDS DELHI THROUGH JUNGLES.



YOU SHALL
REPENT FOR
THIS, KING
RATNASEN.

ALA-UD-DIN, THE SULTAN OF DELHI, WAS HUNTING IN THE SAME JUNGLE.



SUDDENLY A MELODIOUS TUNE FILLED THE JUNGLE AIR.



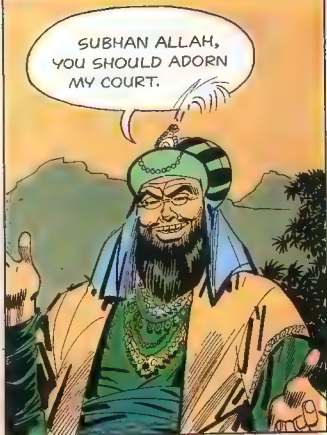
THE HERD OF DEER RAN IN THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE MUSIC CAME. FASCINATED, ALA-UD-DIN FOLLOWED THE DEER.



THE DEER STOPPED IN FRONT OF RAGHAV PLAYING HIS FLUTE. THEY WERE HYPNOTISED. SO WAS THE SULTAN.



HE HAD NEVER HEARD SUCH MUSIC.



THUS RAGHAV CHETAN JOINED THE DELHI COURT.

HEAVENLY MUSIC!

SULTAN, I KNOW WHAT YOU DESIRE MOST. THE WEALTH AND THE WOMEN OF OTHERS.



RATNASEN! BEWARE! NOW IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME. I AM CATCHING UP.



ONE DAY A HUNTER PRESENTED A RABBIT TO THE SULTAN.

THERE CAN BE NOTHING MORE DELICATE THAN THIS CREATURE.

YOU ARE WRONG, SULTAN.

PADMINI, THE QUEEN OF CHITTOR IS, SHE IS THE MOST DELICATE AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THIS WORLD.

ARE YOU SURE? I HAVE TWO THOUSAND EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL BEGUMS. SURELY PADMINI CAN'T BE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ALL OF THEM.

NO SULTAN, I INSIST THAT PADMINI IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

THERE AND THEN ALA-UD-DIN MADE A DECISION.

WELL THEN, PADMINI SHOULD
BE IN MY HAREM.

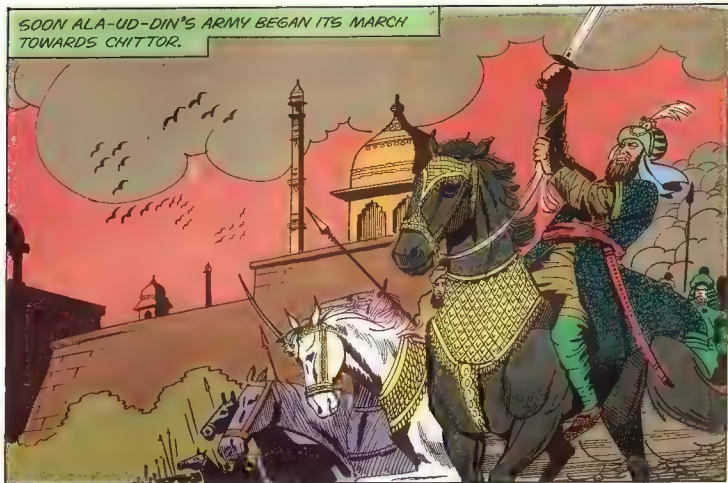
AND
CHITTOR UNDER
YOUR
RULE.



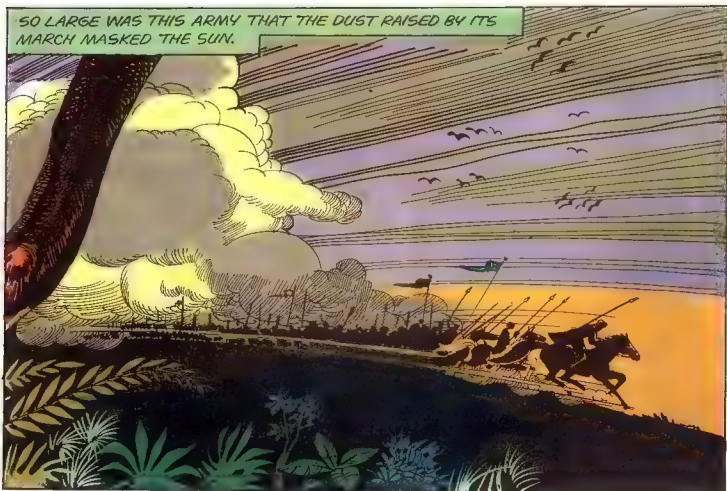
YES, A NEW
KINGDOM AND THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!
I CAN KILL TWO
BIRDS WITH
ONE STONE.



SOON ALA-UD-DIN'S ARMY BEGAN ITS MARCH
TOWARDS CHITTOR.



SO LARGE WAS THIS ARMY THAT THE DUST RAISED BY ITS
MARCH MASKED THE SUN.



"ALA-UD-DIN LAID A SIEGE AROUND THE FORT OF CHITTOR.
BUT TO CONQUER THE WELL-FORTIFIED FORT OF CHITTOR
WAS NOT AN EASY TASK.



AFTER A LONG WAIT—

WE CAN'T
STAY
HERE
FOREVER.

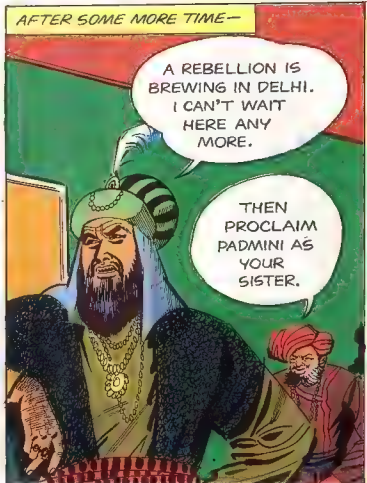
HAVE PATIENCE,
SULTAN. FRUITS
OF PATIENCE
ARE ALWAYS
SWEET.



AFTER SOME MORE TIME—

A REBELLION IS
BREWING IN DELHI.
I CAN'T WAIT
HERE ANY
MORE.

THEN
PROCLAIM
PADMINI AS
YOUR
SISTER.





HAVE YOU LOST
YOUR HEAD? BUT
WHY NOT? THIS MAY
SOLVE THE
PROBLEM.



IF I PROCLAIM HER
MY SISTER, CAN
I MEET
PADMINI?

OF COURSE!



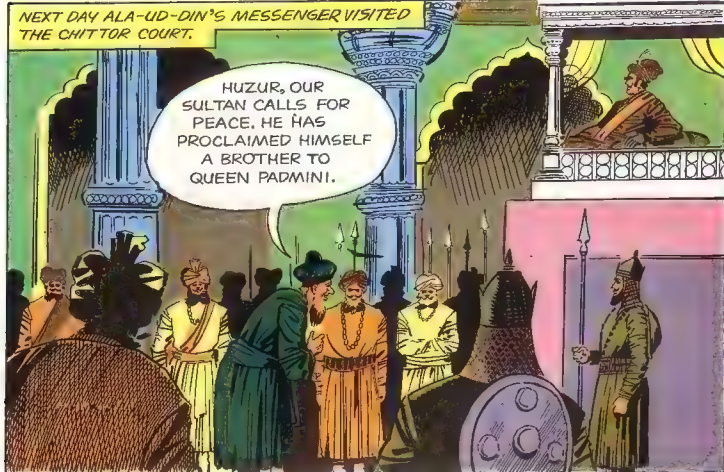
BEING A
NOBLE HINDU, KING
RATNASÉN WILL
RESPECT YOUR BROTH-
ERLY SENTIMENT.
HE WILL LET
YOU ENTER
HIS FORT.



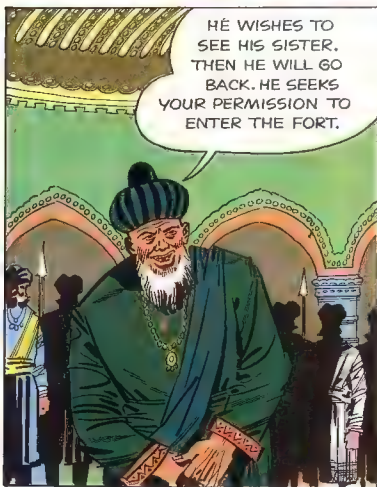
AND THEN
I CAN CAPTURE
THE STUPID
KING AND
PADMINI SHALL
BE MINE.

NEXT DAY ALA-UD-DIN'S MESSENGER VISITED
THE CHITTOR COURT.

HUZUR, OUR
SULTAN CALLS FOR
PEACE. HE HAS
PROCLAIMED HIMSELF
A BROTHER TO
QUEEN PADMINI.



HE WISHES TO
SEE HIS SISTER.
THEN HE WILL GO
BACK. HE SEEKS
YOUR PERMISSION TO
ENTER THE FORT.



A BROTHER
NEEDS NO PERMISSION
TO MEET HIS SISTER. YOUR
SULTAN IS MOST WELCOME.



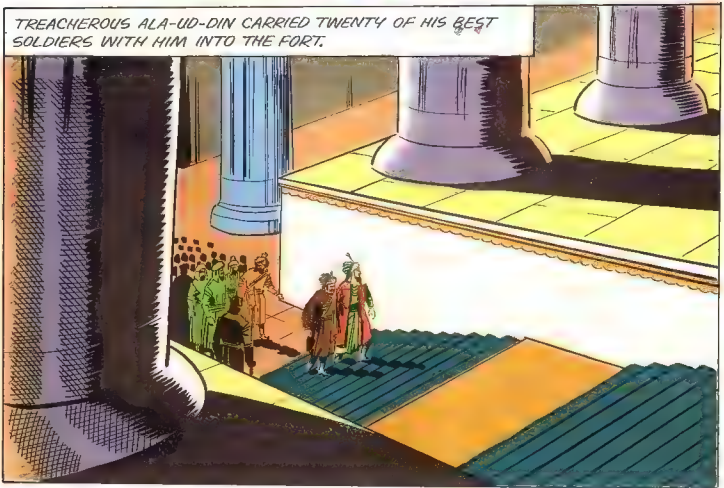
NEXT DAY...

MY WIFE'S
BROTHER IS MOST
WELCOME IN
MY HOME.

I AM
HONOURED.



TREACHEROUS ALA-UD-DIN CARRIED TWENTY OF HIS BEST
SOLDIERS WITH HIM INTO THE FORT.



UNSUSPECTING KING RATNASEN TREATED ALA-UD-DIN WITH GREAT RESPECT.



INFORM MAHARANI PADMINI THAT HER BROTHER HAS ARRIVED.

AS YOU WISH MAHARAJ!

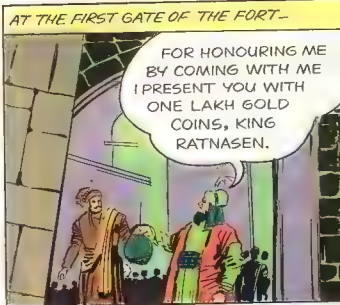
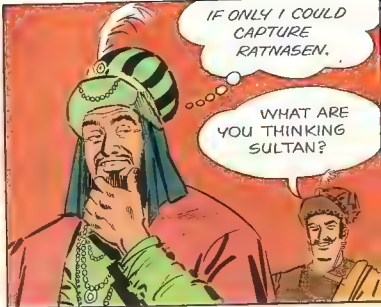


WHEN PADMINI DID NOT COME, RATNASEN HIMSELF WENT TO CALL HER.

NO, I WILL NOT SHOW HIM MY FACE, HE IS AN EVIL MAN.

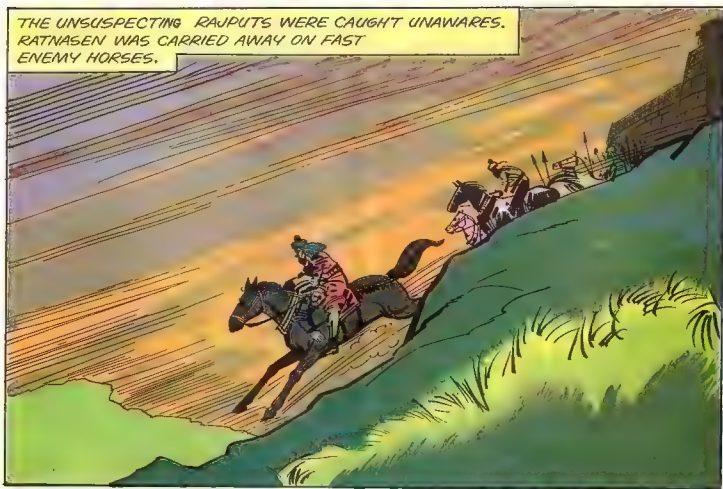








THE UNSUSPECTING RAJPUTS WERE CAUGHT UNAWARES.
RATNASÉN WAS CARRIED AWAY ON FAST
ENEMY HORSES.







WILL YOU NOW
ASK PADMINI
TO SUBMIT?

NEVER!

ALA-UD-DIN CHANGED HIS
TACTICS.

INFORM PADMINI
THAT IF SHE SUBMITS
TO ME, HER HUSBAND
SHALL LIVE.



SOON THE MESSENGER WAS IN CHITTOR
FORT.



IT IS
EITHER MY
HUSBAND
OR MY
HONOUR. WHAT
SHALL I DO?

DESPERATE PADMINI
ASKED HER RELATIVES,
GORA AND BADAL, TO
HELP HER.

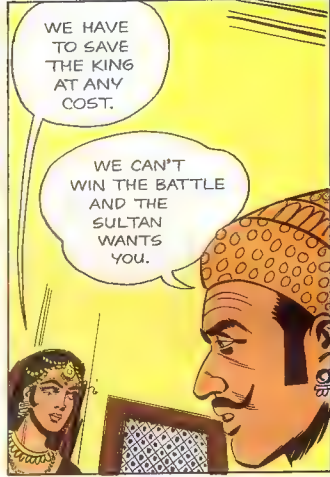
DO NOT WORRY. WE
SHALL DO EVERYTHING
TO SAVE THE KING
AND YOUR
HONOUR.





BUT
HOW TO
FACE THE
SULTAN?

YES,
HIS
FORCES
ARE
VERY
STRONG.



WE HAVE
TO SAVE
THE KING
AT ANY
COST.

WE CAN'T
WIN THE BATTLE
AND THE
SULTAN
WANTS
YOU.



INFORM YOUR
SULTAN THAT I
SHALL COME
TO HIM,
BUT...

...BEFORE THAT
HE MUST ALLOW
ME TO MEET MY
HUSBAND
ALONE.



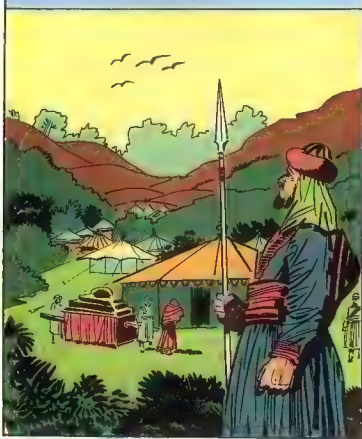
YES. IF YOU
WILL NOT BE
ACCOMPANIED
BY ANY
SOLDIERS.

OUR QUEEN
WILL BE
ACCOMPANIED
BY ONLY
HER MAIDS.

PADMINI HAD FIVE HUNDRED MAIDS. NEXT MORNING
FIVE HUNDRED PALANQUINS LEFT THE FORT.



PADMINI'S PALANQUIN WAS CARRIED
TO PRISONER RATNASEN'S TENT.



KING RATNASEN WAS VERY UPSET.

MY WIFE, HERE?
WHAT A
SHAME?





RATNASEN WAS RELEASED AND RUSHED TOWARDS THE FORT. GORA DRESSED AS A PALANQUIN BEARER GAVE THE SIGNAL.



RATNASÉN REACHED THE FORT SAFELY.



BUT GORA WAS KILLED IN THE BATTLE.



ALA-UD-DIN WAS FURIOUS.

SOLDIERS
DRESSED AS
WOMEN AND
SERVANTS! THEY
MADE FOOLS
OF US.

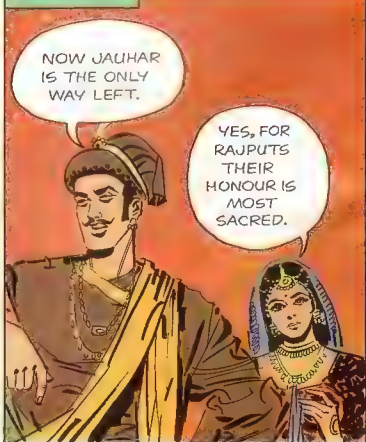




THE SIEGE OF THE FORT CONTINUED.



THE FOOD SUPPLIES IN THE FORT BEGAN TO DWINDLE.

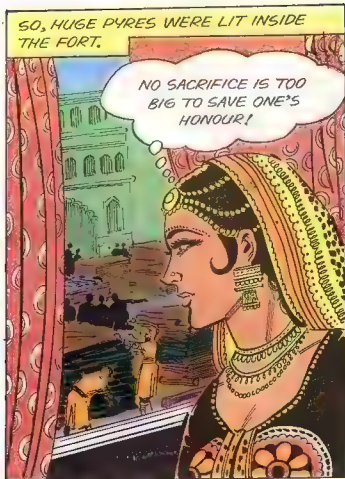


NOW JAUHAR
IS THE ONLY
WAY LEFT.

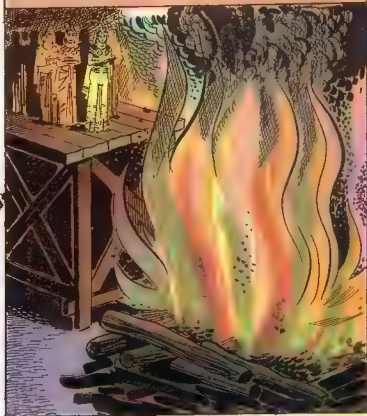
YES, FOR
RAJPUTS
THEIR
HONOUR IS
MOST
SACRED.

SO, HUGE PYRES WERE LIT INSIDE THE FORT.

NO SACRIFICE IS TOO BIG TO SAVE ONE'S HONOUR!



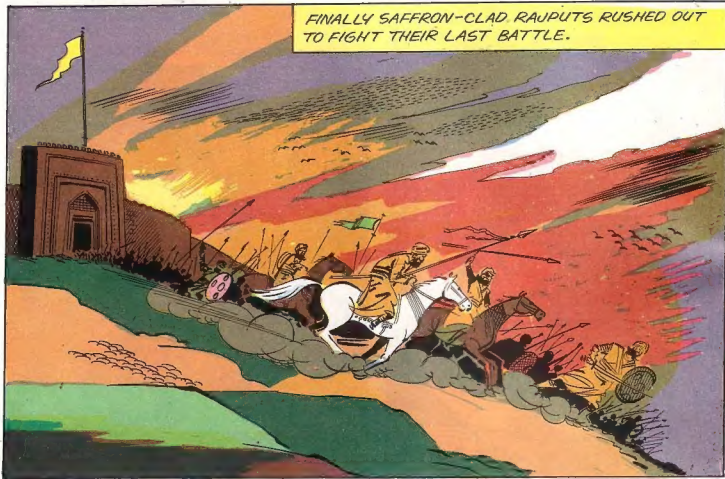
SO, PADMINI LED THE RAJPUT LADIES TO JAUHAR, THE GREAT SACRIFICE BY SELF-IMMOLATION.



THE RAJPUT WOMEN PREFERRED DEATH TO DISHONOUR.



FINALLY SAFFRON-CLAD RAUPUTS RUSHED OUT TO FIGHT THEIR LAST BATTLE.



AFTER THEIR WOMEN HAD PERFORMED JAUHAR, NO RAUPUT HAD ANY DESIRE LEFT TO LIVE. THEY WERE THERE TO DIE, BUT THEY TOOK A HEAVY TOLL OF ENEMY LIVES.



THE SMALL BAND OF RAUPUTS WAS NO MATCH TO THE HUGE ENEMY ARMY. SOON THE BATTLE WAS OVER.

WHY DIDN'T THEY SURRENDER.
AGAINST MY ARMY? IT WAS
SURE DEATH FOR THEM.

BUT
WHAT A
GLORIOUS
DEATH!



FINALLY ALA-UD-DIN ENTERED THE FORT WITH HIS VICTORIOUS ARMY, TO BE GREETED BY THE SMOULDERING ASHES OF DEATH.





BUT WHY
DID THEY
KILL
THEMSELVES?

YOUR
MAJESTY!
YOU WILL
NEVER
UNDERSTAND.



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Rani Padmini was the wife of Raja Ratnasen, the valiant ruler of Chittor. Padmini holds a prominent position in the history of India. She was a model of ideal Indian womanhood, an epitome of virtue and beauty.

When Ala-ud-din Khilji, the mighty Afghan king of Delhi, threatened the values she cherished so dearly, she faced the problems with exceptional courage – never faltering in her unflinching valour. These qualities of the virtuous Rani Padmini inspired many a legend about her.

This story of Padmini is based on *Padmavat* by the famous Sufi poet Malik Muhammed Jayasi and *Gora-Badal* by the poet Jatmal.

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